HANSSEN

(from the screenplay "The Eleventh Hour"
by Adam Mazer & Bill Rotko)

Revisions by
Billy Ray

Universal Pictures
Intermedia Films
Outlaw Productions

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Robert Hanssen joined the FBI in 1976.

During his 25-year career, he served as head of the Bureau's Soviet Analytical Unit, Supervisor of a Counter-Intelligence Squad, and Unit Chief of the National Security Threat List.

In 2000, while Hanssen was ending his sixth year as the FBI's liaison to the State Department, Eric O'Neill was working his way up the ranks of the FBI's Special Surveillance's Group.

He was 26...
FADE IN:

...on ROBERT HANSSEN, eyes closed, at prayer.

INT. CHAPEL - NOON

He's on his knees, clutching a rosary while silently mouthing a Novena. (Religion runs bone-deep with this man.) We're in SLOW-MOTION, M.O.S.

Ask people about him and the same words keep popping up: cold, arrogant, introverted, awkward... But you'll also hear brilliant, well-read, generous, old-fashioned, a mentor.

We linger on his face, in profile; then he rises. TRACK HIM down the aisle of this gilded chapel to a pair of large wooden doors. He pushes them open, revealing:

INT. CATHOLIC INFORMATION CENTER - CONTINUING (NOON)

A Catholic "Reading Room" boasting pamphlets, tracts, the writings of the Pope, copies of a tome called "The Way." We're still in SLOW-MO as Hanssen glides through, calmly.

The STAFFERS here know him well; they like him. He nods to the NUN at the Cash Register, then opens two glass doors.

...and the real world hits us like a jackhammer.

EXT. 16TH STREET - WASHINGTON D.C. - NOON


Hanssen pauses, his eyes squinting from the light, his ears offended by all this noise. He joins the weather-bundled crowd, vanishing down 16th Street as we SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

...then FLOURESCENT LIGHTS flicker on and we are:

INT. UNIDENTIFIED SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We'll come to know this place as ROOM 9930. No windows, drab carpet. RICH GARCIA looks it over. He's 45, friendly, stocky. Behind him, in a HALLWAY, is a crew of SIX CARPENTERS.

He nods to them: go to work. They enter the conference room.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Splayed across a coffee table are 10 typed PAGES (their content obscured from our view.) We hear the drone of a TV.
MICHAEL ROCHEFORD stands by a curtained window. He's 50, amiable... but grim today. He snaps off a lamp. DARKNESS.

...until the purple glow of a UV-LIGHT-WAND pierces the black. A gloved EVIDENCE TECH waves the UV-WAND over those pages on the coffee table, (to check for residue).

Simultaneously a gloved EVIDENCE CATALOGUER, pen-light in his mouth, places the rest of this file into plastic sheaths: 200 pages, 200 sheaths. On each he affixes a label: "EVIDENCE."

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. GEORGETOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

Snow falls on a VAGRANT as he urinates against an alley wall: gr imm clothes, matted hair, we can smell him from here. Beside him is a CART, packed with junk. He shivers, mumbling.

Across the street is an Ethiopian restaurant. A LIBYAN MAN and his WIFE emerge from it, bickering. The Vagrant turns...

...and, with a minimum of movement, extracts a CAMERA and a huge LOW-LIGHT LENS from his tattered overcoat. He squeezes off 24 shots of the arguing Libyan Couple. Just like that.

Then he pockets the roll of film, inserts another, and gets 24 more shots... until the Libyan Couple is gone.

This "vagrant" is ERIC O'NEILL, 25, from the FBI's Special Surveillances Group. Smart, cocky, ambitious. But baby-faced. He vanishes around a corner - like a ghost...

INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING (DAY)

The CONSTRUCTION CREW frames a WALL in the center of this conference room, turning it into a two-office SUITE. Garcia looks on as ELECTRICIANS run wires through the wall-studs.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. SSG VAN - NIGHT

An SSG team waits inside a van: GEDDES and BROOKS are Eric's age. JIM OLSEN is mid-30's and grim. Eric enters, excited.

ERIC
I got 'em. Him and the wife.

He shuts the van door, pulls off his Vagrant disguise.

ERIC (CONT'D)
She can be turned; they were screaming at each other. We gotta tell the C-T guys.
The van takes off. Olsen isn't smiling. And Geddes and Brooks are waiting for Eric to notice. But he's too pumped:

ERIC (CONT'D)
I can work the corner outside their apartment. He didn't make me.

Eric hands two rolls of film to Geddes - then notices, finally, that Olsen looks pissed-off.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What?

OLSEN
You took my stapler. Didn't you.

ERIC
What?!

OLSEN
My stapler. If I go through your desk I'm gonna find it there. I know it.


OLSEN (CONT'D)
Ya know how many forms I hafta fill out to get another one? Do you?

Eric just sags, his enthusiasm now doused...

INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

DIGITAL PHOTOS of the 200 pages are now being SCANNED into an I-POD-sized device... and TRANSMITTED, wirelessly.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - ATTIC - LATE NIGHT

On a TV we see FOX's coverage of the 2000 Florida Recount: hanging chads, lawsuits, etc. We're in a large ATTIC which has been converted into a workspace.

Hanssen sits before a computer. Above him hangs a framed portrait of the Virgin Mary. On his monitor we see matrix-like strands of ones and zeros, indecipherable to us.

LISA (O.S.)
Dad?

Here's LISA HANSSEN, 15, dressed for bed, hair in a clip.

HANSSEN
Thought you were asleep, Sweetheart.
LISA
Sunday threw up. I wanted to sit with him for a while.

HANSSEN
He's lucky to have you.

Lisa approaches... but just before she reaches his desk, she stubs her toe on something, letting out a little "Ouch."

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
You okay?

LISA
Stubbed my toe.

HANSSEN
Sorry, Honey. Floorboard's loose. I meant to fix it.

He pats his knee with mock-seriousness: let me examine the wound. She obliges, blushing. He kisses his finger-tip then places it on the offended toe.

Lisa eyes his computer: all those ones and zeros...

LISA
You're gonna go to sleep eventually, right?

He shrugs. She kisses the top of his head.

HANSSEN
'Night, Honey.

She goes. Hanssen eyes those strands again, dissatisfied... until he hi-lites one of the zeros, and deletes it. To us it looks like removing a single grain of sand from a beach.

But to Hanssen, it's fixed. He keeps working, pleased...

INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING

9930's face-lift just took a turn: a LIPSTICK CAMERA is installed in an overhead VENT, beside a MICROPHONE. Then a grill is screwed into place, obscuring the devices...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The master-bedroom of a suburban home. BONNIE HANSSEN kneels in prayer by her bed, beneath a CRUCIFIX. She's a buttoned-down beauty, sustained by her faith. She crosses herself, as:
HANSSEN (O.S.)
Bonnie Wauck.

Bonnie turns: Hanssen's in the doorway, a grin on his face. 32 years and he still adores her. Bonnie blushes.

BONNIE
Bobby Hanssen.

Hanssen approaches, kisses her. They drift out of frame. We linger, just for a moment, on the ARMOIRE by their bed. Pictures of their CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN...

INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING - DAWN

The scanning of those pages continues. Across the room, Rochford peeks out through the curtains. It's now DAWN.

And that's MANHATTAN out there. Rochford shuts the curtains.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. MEN'S ROOM - LOCATION UNKNOWN - DAY

A GAS STATION MENS' ROOM. Brooks, Olsen, Geddes, and Eric (undisguised now) play LIAR'S POKER back here - each holding DOLLAR BILLS as if they were poker hands.

Brooks and Olsen have folded. Eric studies Geddes... Then:

ERIC
You're bluffing.

GEDDES
(supremely confident)
Maybe.

ERIC
I call.

Geddes smirks, unworried, until Eric lays down his "hand":

ERIC (CONT'D)
Three sevens.

Geddes sags, tosses his bill in. Eric swoops it up.

GEDDES
Lucky guess.

INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Rochford's wait continues... as a PRINTS GUY now dusts an AUDIO-CASSETTE. The TV continues to drone.
INT. MEN'S ROOM - LOCATION UNKNOWN - RESUMING

Eric pockets his winnings, winks at Geddes.

ERIC
Don't take it too hard, Man. I can read anyone, you know that.

Just then, the door to this Men's Room opens and GENE CONNORS enters. He's 45, balding, a Team Leader.

CONNORS
I'm starting to like this place.
Might make it our permanent hq.

Grudging laughs from the team. They assemble by the sink.

CONNORS (CONT'D)
Okay, first: a small commendation for Mr. O'Neill. The C-T guys loved the photos of Three-Wood, and they will be working on the wife.

Light, jaded applause from the crew. Connors pulls a plastic-wrapped DANISH from his pocket, obviously purchased ten seconds ago from this very gas station. He hands it to Eric.

CONNORS (CONT'D)
Way to go.

ERIC
Thanks, Boss.

CONNORS
Now, second order of business, also Three-Wood-related:
(knows they'll hate this:)
He's out-of-pocket again. Field Office lost him.

The team members bitch openly: "Those guys couldn't cover a target in a phone booth," etc.

CONNORS (CONT'D)
So we're back on him. Any ideas?

Just then a STACK OF WEIGHTS slams down, and we are:

INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - MORNING (CONTINUING INTERCUT)

The crappiest gym you've ever seen: subterranean, windowless. Two UNNAMED AGENTS are in here, lifting free-weights:
FREE-WEIGHT AGENT #1
Ya gotta remember: Freeh was a Clinton guy. Ashcroft's not gonna keep him around.

FREE-WEIGHT AGENT #2
You watch. They're gonna love each other.

Reveal Hanssen, in the doorway, jingling the change in his pocket, (he does that a lot.) Dark suit, red tie.

Behind him, Garcia enters, sweaty from a basketball game.

GARCIA
(re: Hanssen's suit)
Is that what they workout in at State nowadays?

Hanssen smiles thinly. Social banter isn't a strength of his.

HANSSEN
Wanted to talk to you about the datacards.

That was almost a mumble. (Hanssen, in public, talks low.)

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INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING - DAY

A HEAT SENSOR is placed inside a wall. Garcia activates it with a REMOTE. Then it's covered by a sheet of dry-wall.

WORKMEN enter with a huge roll of carpet. Garcia looks to a TECH who is just now hiding a MOTION SENSOR and another MICROPHONE in a hollowed-out space in 9930's floor...

19
INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - RESUMING

Garcia sits down at a military press, begins pumping, as:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
I sent you that memo. You didn't respond to it.

GARCIA
Catch me up on this again?

HANSSEN
Datacards. Invicta makes them. They move and disguise the IP address of a work station so it can't be hacked into. That'd protect the whole system.
No reply. Garcia is clearly not seeing the urgency here.

So Hanssen opens up the CANVAS BAG he always carries. (It's got four external pockets on it.) From inside, he grabs two letter-sized pieces of paper.

...and drops them on to Garcia's lap, mid-lift.

GARCIA
What's this?

HANSSEN
A letter, taken off your computer this morning.

Wait. Garcia freezes. What'd you just say?

GARCIA
I don't understand.

HANSSEN
I hacked into your hard drive.

That was a bomb. The other agents turn, incredulous.

GARCIA
I'm sorry?

HANSSEN
Went right through your 'firewalls.'
Took about three minutes.

INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING - DAY

That AUDIO-CASSETTE-whirs inside a cassette player.

The room has been cleared. The TV is now BLASTING. Rochford and TIM BEREZNAY (45, salty-haired) have HEADPHONES on, plugged into the cassette player.

Through the headphones, we hear a recording of a TELEPHONE CALL, a voice that we now recognize as that of Hanssen:

HANSSEN (THRU HEADPHONES)
I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me into trouble...

We hear Hanssen chuckle. Rochford eyes Berezny, sickened.

INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - RESUMING

The Other Agents sit up now, watching Hanssen and Garcia:
HANSSEN
I did it on an underpowered 386. How vulnerable do you think we are to people with real technology?
(no reply)
Terrorists have computers too, Rich.

GARCIA
Bob, do I have to tell you how fireable this was?

HANSSEN
I shouldn't've had to do it. Then again, I shouldn't have to explain the 21st Century to a guy who outranks me, should I?

He leaves. Garcia and the other agents watch him go...

INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING - DAY

The construction is finished now. TECH #2 plants a tiny LISTENING DEVICE into a PHONE as MOVERS haul in furniture.

GARCIA
(to MOVER, re: credenza)
Put it against the wall.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Connors emerges from that Gas Station Mens' Room - and is instantly ambushed by Eric, who's been waiting:

ERIC
Boss?

CONNORS
Yeah?

ERIC
Did you read it yet?
(Connors keeps walking)
The Subject Database Proposal. I left it on your desk. It's a protocol for banking information on our targ--

CONNORS
Eric, I've been thinking about recommending you for Agent-status.

ERIC
(stops, thrilled:)
You have?
CONNORS
Not because you're ready - you're not ready - but because I wanna stop having these discussions about re-inventing my division.
(Eric says, deflated)
We've got one job today: finding our Libyan. That's it. Okay?

Connors turns to go. Eric calls out at his back:

ERIC
Sir?
(Connors turns)
If we had my database in place, we might already know where he is.

Connors can't help it. He just grinned, despite himself...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE - DAY
Canvas bag over a shoulder, Hanssen emerges from an elevator onto prime FBI real estate: an empty parking space "Reserved for Director L. Freeh." Hanssen eyes it as he passes by...

INT. THAT MANHATTAN HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING (NIGHT)
All of the evidence is dropped into a STEEL BRIEFCASE, "Property of U.S. Govt.," which is then sealed and LOCKED. Rochford glances out the window: it's NIGHT again.

INT. FBI GARAGE - AT HANSSEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER
At the far end of this garage, Hanssen stops at a Silver Ford Taurus in an unreserved space. To his right, two huge turbines whirl noisily, the building's ventilation system.

He opens the Taurus' TRUNK. We peer over his shoulder... to find a 9 mm. pistol in there, and a SUB-MACHINE gun, and 400 rounds of ammunition, all covered in plastic. An arsenal.

INT. ROOM 9930 - RESUMING (DAY)
Garcia programs the ELECTRONIC COMBO LOCK on 9930's door.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - RESUMING
Eric opens the trunk of his car, a green Jeep, revealing:

...a BOX, containing 50 copies of a thoroughly professional-looking presentation: "PROPOSAL FOR SUBJECT DATABASE SYSTEM... PREPARED BY ERIC O'NEILL, SSG."
Hours were spent at Kinko's on these. They're perfect: see-through covers, colored chapter-tags, bold fonts. And I can't get my fucking Boss to read one. Eric sighs, discouraged.

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INT. FBI HQ - GARAGE/EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT

Garcia shuts the door to 9930 and affixes a PLAQUE to the wall beside it: "9930 - Robert Hanssen - Special Asst. to Asst. Director in Charge of Information Assurance Division."

30
INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - BEDROOM - MORNING (7 A.M.)

Miles apart from one another, Eric and Hanssen shut their trunks simultaneously, angrily. END SEQUENCE. And we are:

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The world's coldest, dampest apartment, a BASEMENT really - just a kitchen and bedroom, (whose window looks up at an alley outside.) A SPACE HEATER blows. A crucifix hangs.

Eric lies in bed, awake, studying a PROOFSHEET of photos: the ones he took of that arguing Libyan couple outside the restaurant. Beside him sleeps his wife, JULIANA, (23.)

On a wall we see their WEDDING PHOTO, and a framed portrait of Eric and his THREE BROTHERS, (two of them Naval officers.)

A BROKEN RADIATOR gurgles. A CITIZENSHIP WORKBOOK sits beside the bed. So does a GERMAN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. We hear:

THE LADY UPSTAIRS (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

That was the LADY ONE FLIGHT UP, squawking at no one. (She does this around the clock.) Juliana, familiar with the sound, grumbles good-naturedly, her eyes opening.

ERIC
It's like she's training a parrot.

THE LADY UPSTAIRS (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

Juliana breathes out a laugh. Eric kisses her tenderly.

JULIANA
I dreamed I couldn't find my keys.

ERIC
They're behind the coffee-maker. You put them there when you came in from the market last night.
JULIANA

Oh.

(Juliana's German by birth, still has a mild accent.)

ERIC
Hey, Mom and Dad wanna take us to Mass today. You wanna go to Mass?

JULIANA
I'd rather go to a movie.

Eric nods, well aware. Juliana puts her head on his chest, absently eyeing the PROOFSHEET he's studying.

The photos capture her attention, (his work often does.)

JULIANA (CONT'D)
(re: Libyan Woman)
Is she a terrorist too?

ERIC
(gentle reminder)
He's a target, Honey. That's all I said, right?

JULIANA
Right. Sorry.

ERIC
Good girl.

The LADY UPSTAIRS squawks once more. Juliana ignores it.

JULIANA
They're gonna make you an agent.
(he shrugs)
They have to. You're working so hard.

ERIC
Maybe after Stapler-Gate dies down.

She smiles, in on the joke. Eric studies the photos, then slides the sheet aside, frustrated. She kisses him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Say it again, okay?

JULIANA
Say what again?

ERIC
That I'm gonna be an agent.
Juliana smiles. His ambition is so raw, so unapologetic...

JULIANA
You're gonna be an agent.

He smiles, satisfied. Then the PHONE RINGS. Damn it.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
Don't get it.

He obliges. Their ANSWERING MACHINE picks up, (Eric's voice on the OUTGOING MESSAGE.) They ignore it, until:

CONNORS' VOICE (THRU MACHINE)
Get dressed. You've been T.D.Y.'d.

Eric grabs the phone in an instant.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
To where?

CONNORS (THRU PHONE)
They'll explain at the Field Office. We're due in twenty minutes.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
On a Sunday?

EXT. FBI WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY
The WFO is sunlit, modern. Eight stories high, at 4th and F.

INT. WASH. FIELD OFFICE ("WFO") - SMALL CONF. ROOM - DAY
A thin FILE slides into frame. Hanssen's PHOTO is inside. Eric, coat and tie now, eyes it. Connors sits beside him.

KATE (O.S.)
I'll get right to it if ya don't mind...

KATE BURROUGHS sits opposite them. She has short hair, a Jersey accent, and the vulnerability of a tank. Wears low heels and hose. Her rank is Special Agent.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're being tasked to Headquarters, where you're going to ride the desk of an agent named Robert Hanssen. Do you know him?

ERIC
No.
INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN HOME - STAIRS - MORNING

We're right behind Hanssen as he descends the stairs, dressed for work. (We've time-cut to Monday morning). We hear:

KATE (V.O.)
Former head of the Bureau's Soviet Analytical Unit, considered our most knowledgeable analyst on Russian Intel. Last six years he's been our liaison at the State Department.

INT. HANSSEN HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

GREG, (17, in a school uniform), is just finishing breakfast. JANE, 30, is also here, handing off her INFANT BOY to Bonnie.

JANE
Sure you don't mind, Mom?

BONNIE
Mind? It's a treat!

Hanssen enters the kitchen, grabs his keys, kisses the baby.

KATE (V.O.)
We're bringing him back to HQ to start our new Information Assurance Division, safeguarding the Bureau's I.T. system from cyberterrorism and infiltration.

INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING

Eric looks through the file.

ERIC
Wait. I've heard about this guy. Was he the one who hacked into another agent's hard-drive?

KATE
He's the best computer guy we've got. He's also a sexual deviant.

ERIC
Oh.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. THAT MANHATTAN MOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK

Again, we're tight on that CASSETTE PLAYER.
HANSEN'S VOICE (ON TAPE)
I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me into trouble...

FLASH: one of those PAGES is photographed. Blinding white...

KATE (V.O.)
He's been posting on the Internet.
Lurid material.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSEN'S TAURUS - MORNING

Hanssen sits in his car on the shoulder of a suburban road beside NOTTOWAY PARK. He makes a note on a PALM PILOT.

KATE (V.O.)
There are also some complaints in his file from female subordinates. You're going to keep an eye on him for us.

INT. WFO - SMALL CONF. ROOM - RESUMING

Eric hates this task already.

ERIC
Do I get a cover?

KATE
God, no. Hanssen would peel it away in a day. He spent the last twenty years out-thinking Russian spies.

ERIC
...and jerking off under his desk.

That was a test, to see if Kate is easily thrown.

KATE
Ya wanna duck down there and scrape for samples, feel free.

So much for throwing her.

ERIC
You have a Title 3?

KATE
Of course.

(Eric waits, ambivalent)
Just so ya know, nobody around here likes the idea of embarrassing a guy who's done 25 years of service... But we have reason to believe there are (MORE)
KATE (cont'd)
other agents involved in this as well
- shared postings, et cetera. If
that's true, it could mean a huge
embarrassment to the Bureau.

40
INTERCUT WITH/INT. HANSSEN'S TAURUS - 14TH ST. - MORNING 40
Hanssen waits at a 4-WAY blinking red light... as a phalanx
of POLICE CARS leads a MOTORCADE through an intersection.

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)
This is Louis Freeh's FBI, Eric -
abstinence and vigilance.

41
INTERCUT WITH/INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - EARLY MORNING 41
Juliana sits at a formica table, eyes closed, WALKMAN on, her
hands fingering an imaginary piano. (It's how she practices.)

KATE (CONT'D, V.O.)
A few rules: first, no one can know
about this. Even your wife. You've
got a new boss; his name is Hanssen;
he works in Information Assurance.
That's it.

ERIC (V.O.)
I understand.

Eric smiles fondly at his wife. We note the PAGER on his hip.
He's about to embark on Day One of the new job...

42
INTERCUT WITH/EXT. D.C. - 8TH STREET - EARLY MORNING 42
Eric walks up 8th St., which is dotted by HOMELESS PEOPLE and
POTHOLEs. He's in a winter coat, carrying a worn gym bag.

KATE (V.O.)
You'll be serving at the needs of the
Bureau, answerable to me at all
times.

(HEADLINES blare from news-stands; "W. Assembling His Team."
"Ashcroft Facing Confirmation Fight." It's January, 2001.)

43
INTERCUT WITH/INT. METRO - MOVING - MORNING 43
The train stops at Archives-Navy Memorial. Eric gets out.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
Here are two pagers. If it's me
you'll see a seven and a pound sign.
INTERCUT WITH/EXT. FBI HQ – PLAZA – ESTAB. – MORNING

A huge building, occupying a block on Pennsylvania Avenue. Eric passes through an OUTDOOR PLAZA. There's a fountain here, and a quote from J. Edgar Hoover inscribed on a wall.

KATE (V.O., CONT'D)
You'll keep a journal of everything that goes on in that office...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. FBI HQ – "ESCORT DESK" – SAME

Behind a glass case are photos of every FBI agent who's ever died in the line of duty. From Edwin C. Shanahan, 1925 thru Charles Reed, 1996. Heroes, martyrs, patriots...

Eric stands at the "Escort Desk." A CIVIL SERVANT behind bullet-proof glass hands him an I.D. BADGE.

CIVIL SERVANT
Know where you're going?

ERIC
I think so.

Civil Servant just smiles a knowing smile.

KATE (V.O.)
Who he talks to, who he calls - no detail is insignificant. Got that?

INT. WFO – SMALL CONF. ROOM – RESUMING

Her job done, Kate rises.

KATE (CONT'D)
Good. Gene can fill you in on the rest. Thanks for coming in.

She turns, almost gone... when Eric just has to ask:

ERIC
Agent Burroughs?

KATE
Yes?

ERIC
Is this high-priority?

Kate doesn't reply at first. Connors cringes a bit, pretty sure of what's coming...
ERIC (CONT'D)
We've been ghosting some priority
targets lately. C-T targets. If I'm
being pulled off of that, I just
wanna make sure it's...

KATE
In other words, you wanna know if
this is gonna fast-track you into
becoming an agent.
(Eric blanches)
Gene tells me you're confident,
bordering on cocky... He also says
you can park it when necessary.

ERIC
Yes, Ma'am.

KATE
Enjoy your Sunday.

And out she goes. END INTERCUT. We are:

INT. FBI HQ - 7TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Welcome to the single most confusing structure on earth.

Eric stares down two identical corridors that shear off from
one another at a 45 degree angle. Yellowish lights overhead,
not a window in sight. A maze of intrigue...

Sitting outside several offices are PALLETS piled high with
boxes of NEW COMPUTERS. They're everywhere.

And Eric is lost. The numbers on the doors make no sense.

INT. FBI HQ - 7TH FLOOR - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MORNING

More pallets on the floor. More identical doors. On a wall,
behind glass, a POSTER lists all of the FBI SPECIAL BADGES.

A posted FLIER congratulates a secretary on her impending
retirement. Her Party is next Friday. Cake and Cookies.

Eric drifts along until he spots a familiar name on the
NAMEPLATE beside a door: "Louis Freeh. Director."

PASSING UNNAMED AGENT (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Eric turns. The look from this AGENT (50, heavyset), tells us
this is restricted air-space. Eric sags, embarrassed.
ERIC
How do I get to the Ninth floor?

INT. FBI HQ - 9TH FLOOR - GARCIA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 49

Garcia slides an I.D. BADGE across a desk toward Eric. A window looks out on D.C.

GARCIA
Okay. This is the code to the combo lock. This is the code for the key punch. And this is the badge for the security pad. You're all set.

Posters on the wall warn of the dangers of cyberterrorism. Eric eyes them, not quite ready to leave yet...

ERIC
Sir, is there anything you can tell me about him?

GARCIA
You mean Agent Hanssen?

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

GARCIA
What would you like to know?

ERIC
Anything that'd help me do my job better, I guess.

GARCIA
Sure.
(sly grin)
Take nothing personally.

INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE 9930 - MOMENTS LATER 50

On the door of 9930 now is a sign identifying this as a SCIF: (SENSITIVE COMPARTMENTALIZED INFO FACILITY). Eric eyes the sign, and the plaque with Hanssen's name and title on it...

Then he swipes his badge, works a combo lock, punches numbers into a keypad. THREE BEEPS emanate. And he's in.

INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - CONTINUING 51

*We saw this suite being constructed: an outer office with a desk, chair, computer, file cabinets. And an inner office. No*
windows. The door closes hard behind Eric; it's like being sealed into a BANK VAULT, or an air-lock.

He crosses to his new desk, sets down his gym bag, sits.

...and is greeted with a loud CREEEEEAK. The springs in this chair must be a hundred years old. He sits forward. The chair creaks again, annoying as hell.

On the desk is an old IBM 350 computer. He flips it on. It groans to life. Beside it is a MANUAL: "OPERATING THE ACS (Automated Case Support System)". Eric opens it.

Then he hears those same THREE BEEPS coming from the SCIF Door. 9 a.m. on the dot. The door opens...

...and Hanssen enters, carrying his canvas briefcase and two CARDBOARD BOXES. (Today is his moving-in day too.)

He pauses, regarding Eric in silence... Then that chair CREAKS again and Hanssen's mind becomes painfully easy to read: "Who is this moron they put on my desk?"

Hanssen can do that to you, just paralyze you with a look of withering disdain. Silence hangs, until Eric gathers himself:

ERIC
Good Morning.

Hanssen doesn't reply, just ducks into his private office and shuts the door. Eric eyes it...

INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - LATER MORNING

Eric sits, disassembling the MOTHERBOARD of that old IBM. (He unclips the RAM WAFER from its housing. It has an ounce of DUST on it.) Each time he moves, his chair CREAKS again.

Hanssen emerges from his office, bearing an EMPTY WATER PITCHER. He exits the SCIF without even looking at Eric.

A long beat - Eric waiting until it's safe. Then he rises.

INT. ROOM 9930 - HANSEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

It's dark in here, shadowy. (The flourescents overhead have been turned off; a DESK LAMP provides the only light.) Eric flips on the overhead light, revealing:


Then Eric hears those THREE BEEPS at the SCIF door. Shit.
He snaps the overhead light off, rushes back to his desk, sits. Another loud CREEEEEEAK. The SCIF door opens...

Here's Hanssen again, his water pitcher filled. He hovers in the doorway, jingles the keys in his pocket. Staring. Eric starts "repairing" that motherboard again. Silence.

...until Eric can't bear it any longer:

ERIC
Antiquated machine.

HANSSEN
Tell me five things about yourself, four of them true.

Wait. What'd he just say?

ERIC
I'm sorry?

HANSSEN
Game we used to play in the Soviet Analytical Unit whenever a new Analyst came aboard, to keep ourselves sharp. Lie detection.

ERIC
Oh, I don't think I'd be much good at bluffing...

HANSSEN
That would've counted as your lie, right there.

Message sent, loud and clear: I'm smarter than you.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
If you're dissatisfied with your computer, go get another one.

ERIC
Okay. I'll fill out a req form...

HANSSEN
You're not listening; go get one. There are pallets of them in every corridor of this building. Req forms are for bureaucrats. (Eric rises...)
Actually, get two. That dinosaur on my desk is useless to me.
He eyes the ACS MANUAL on Eric's desk and shakes his head - offended by it. Without ceremony, he dumps it into the trash.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
We're going to be re-inventing how the Bureau stores case information.

ERIC
Agent Hanssen, my name is Eric.

HANSSEN
No. Your name is Clerk.
(Eric reacts)
My name is "Sir." Or "Boss," if you can manage.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

Hanssen heads for his office, then stops.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
And if I ever catch you in my office again, you'll be pissing purple for a week.

With that, he shuts his private door. Eric stares at it...

INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - DAY

Eric approaches one of those unguarded PALLETs, piled high with boxed DELL COMPUTERS, cello-wrapped.

Agents pass by, their ID badges bouncing. Eric ignores them, trying to look like he's supposed to be here. He pulls out a pocket knife, shears through some cello-wrap.

PASSING SECRETARY (O.S.)
You must know somebody.

Eric turns, alarmed. That was a PASSING SECRETARY.

PASSING SECRETARY (CONT'D)
I ordered ours a month ago.

Eric smiles thinly, shrugs. The Secretary breezes by.

INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - MINUTES LATER (DAY)

Eric enters, carrying a brand new DELL. Here's what he sees:
Hanssen, standing on his own desk. He has pulled a CEILING PANEL loose and is now hunting through the empty overhead space. On his hiked pantleg we see a .38 in an ANKLE HOLSTER.

ERIC
Sir? Sir, you could fall.

HANSSEN
I won't fall. I'm very co-ordinated.

Hanssen drops down, as Eric unloads the new stolen Dell.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Trying to re-route a phone line, to get Internet access.

ERIC
I can get an I.T. guy in here to do that for you, Sir.

HANSSEN
Yes, let's do that. Let's bring in an I.T. guy making 35,000 dollars a year and give him access to hard drives that a foreign agent would pay millions for.

(Eric nods, chagrinned)
We're supposed to be protecting the Bureau from electronic infiltration.

Eric gestures to the new computer.

ERIC
Will this do, Sir?

Hanssen eyes the new Dell, smiles.

HANSSEN
Very good.
(can't resist:)
...and more of a challenge than swiping a stapler, I'd imagine.

Eric reddens. Hanssen studies him.

ERIC
Didn't know there was a file on me.

HANSSEN
There's a file on everyone.
(by rote:)
Gonzaga Prep, Auburn University. Why'd you quit the consulting job?
ERIC
Wanted to do some good.

HANSSEN
So you're a patriot. Points for that.

Eric smiles thinly. Hanssen's PALM PILOT is on the desk. He shoves it into his canvas bag, as:

ERIC
What kind of sites do you like?

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Do you pray the Rosary every day?

An awkward moment, each waiting for the other to answer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I meant on the Internet. Are there sites you like to--

HANSSEN
Do you? Pray the rosary every day?

ERIC
Not every day, no.

HANSSEN
You should. Who's the pager for?

Hold it. He means the PAGER Eric got from Kate, on Eric's hip. Christ this guy is good... But Eric doesn't panic.

ERIC
My wife. She likes to know she can get a hold of me 24/7.

HANSSEN
Oh. Thought it might have something to do with your mother's condition.
(Eric reacts, thrown)
The Parkinson's.

That caught Eric flush on the jaw, just as intended.

ERIC
Sir, that wouldn't be in my file.

HANSSEN
No.

A beat. That pissed Eric off:
ERIC
You still want my list, Sir? The five things?

Hanssen grins, amused. The kid's got some moxie.

HANSSEN
Sure.

Eric doesn't hesitate, just launches:

ERIC
I won Boy Scout Merit Badges in every category except Riflery. I haven't been to Confession since high school. There are several words I constantly misspell; they include recommend, knowledgeable, and weird. My favorite drink is a Vodka Tonic. And I'm the only male in the last four generations of my family who hasn't served in the military.

Eric waits, pleased with himself. But:

HANSSEN
I said one lie. Not two.

Eric tries not to react... but that was staggering.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
The vodka and the spelling, obvious lies. Wish I could say the same about your skipping confession.

(Eric's jaw just dropped)
How'd I do?

INT. FBI HQ - VIDEO ROOM - DAY

Hanssen's canvas briefcase sits on a bare table beside his water pitcher. A VHS CASSETTE rewinds in a VCR.

HANSSEN (O.S.)
If people listened to me, there wouldn't be any spies...

TILT UP to find Eric, seated. The room is spare and tiny.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Now. Two Russian I.O.'s. One of them we've turned. The other is a double agent pretending to have turned...
Hanssen hits PLAY. On a TV MONITOR we see a SPLIT-SCREEN. On each side, a video-taped INTERROGATION is taking place. Each of the INTERROGATION SUBJECTS looks Russian.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Which one of them is lying?

Trouble is, the sound on this tv has been turned off.

ERIC
Sir, I can't hear them.

HANSSEN
That shouldn't matter.

In Hanssen's hand is a fat blue PILOT "DOCTOR-GRIP" PEN. He clicks it and twirls it, repeatedly. (Another habit.)

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
These are the greatest pens in the world. I would never write with anything else.

That wasn't particularly helpful.

ERIC
I haven't received any training in--

HANSSEN
This is your training. Now.

Eric studies him, trying to get a read on this man...

ERIC
I'm betting you're not much for polygraphs, are you?

HANSSEN
Polygraphs?

Hanssen spits that word out with disdain. Eric's silent...

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Aldrich Ames, worst spy in U.S. history, sold 2.5 million dollars worth of information to the Soviets - and passed every polygraph the Agency gave him.
(a beat)
But he never would've gotten past me. I can read anyone.

Maybe he's just toying with me. Eric can't tell now.
He looks to the screen again, trying. Hanssen clicks that fat blue pen... Clicking, twirling, repeatedly, until:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Look at the man on the right: his feet are pointed toward the door, a sub-conscious cue that he wants out. There's a soda can sitting on the table in front of him, indicating a sub-conscious desire to create a barrier between himself and his interrogator. He's slouching to feign comfort, a sub-conscious attempt to lean away from the questions. His hands keep fidgeting. Why did you ask me what sites I like on the Internet?

WHAT? That was so out-of-nowhere it nearly knocked Eric out of his chair. He pauses for a moment, gathering himself...

ERIC
Just... never saw anybody go to the trouble of pulling a phone-line out of a ceiling before.

Hanssen eyes him. Eric doesn't flinch.

HANSSEN
The vodka and the spelling were easy lies to spot because they weren't close enough to the truth. The most convincing lies are always rooted in some kind of truth. Remember that.

Eric nods, committing that to memory. We CUT TO...

INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - 8:30 P.M.

Working late, Eric dollies an unwanted FILE CABINET out of Hanssen's office. Hanssen's new Dell sits on the desk.

Eric stops... and eyes the computer. There's no one around.

He turns the computer on. The screen glows to life, a green field reading "FBI NET", with a command for a PASSWORD. Eric looks to the door. Relax, the guy left hours ago.

Eric types in a password... and HANSSEN'S PHONE RINGS, startling the hell out of us. Eric grabs it.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Supervisory Special Agent Hanssen's Office.
HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Hang up the phone.

Hanssen, calling from a land line. Eric winces.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
I'm sorry?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
That is an unacceptable greeting. Hang up the phone.

CLICK. Eric pauses, unsettled. Hangs up the phone. It RINGS AGAIN. Eric eyes it, grabs it:

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Information Assurance Division.

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Good Lord.

CLICK. Eric tightens... and the phone RINGS once more.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Is there something I can do for you, Sir?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Yes. You can learn how to answer my phone properly. "Section Chief Robert Hanssen."

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Sir, my understanding was that--

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Wait. Why don't I hear your chair creaking?

Eric freezes, doesn't even blink - or breathe.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Sir?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
Are you in my office?

How the hell is he always so far ahead of me...?

ERIC (INTO PHONE)
Yes, Sir. I was moving your file cabinet when the phone rang.
A beat. Eric hears the static of a cel-phone...

ERIC (INTO PHONE, CONT'D)

Sir?

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
I function as a Section Chief. You will address me as a Section Chief.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)

Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
I also want it changed on the plate outside the door.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)

Sir, I'm fairly certain I'd have to clear that with--

HANSSEN (THRU PHONE)
They have their standards. I have mine.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)

Yes, Sir.

CLICK. It's been a tense day...

INT. ERIC & JULIANA'S HOME - 10:30 P.M.

Eric's gym bag drops to the kitchen floor. Juliana is backed up against the refrigerator by a ravenous KISS. Eric's hand wraps around her waist, pulling her close, urgently.

He just got home, hasn't even said hello yet.

JULIANA
(between breaths)
I do wanna... hear about your day too.

Eric sssssshhh's her; they can talk later. Another kiss.

THE LADY UPSTAIRS (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

Another passionate kiss, ignoring the crazy neighbor...

... until Eric's CEL-PHONE RINGS.

Buzz-kill, because he has to answer it. He sags, grimacing.
JULIANA
We need a night in a hotel.

ERIC
Book it. Book it.
(grabs hisCEL-PHONE:)
This is Eric.

KATE (THRU CEL)
Where're my pages?

ERIC (INTO CEL)
What?

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INTERCUT WITH/INT. METRO STATION - SAME

Kate descends a Metro ESCALATOR, on a cel-phone:

KATE (INTO CEL)
Are they transcribed yet?

ERIC (INTO CEL)
I just got back. He kept me there 'til ten o'clock.

KATE (INTO CEL)
Eric, is your wife within earshot?

ERIC (INTO CEL)
Huh?

KATE (INTO CEL)
Last I looked, she hadn't been read into the case. Go somewhere she can't hear you.

Eric looks to Juliana, then heads for the bedroom. Their eyes meet as he closes the door, with an apologetic shrug.

ERIC (INTO CEL)
I don't know what I'm supposed to be looking for with this guy. It's not like he's gonna bring a train of hookers through the office...

KATE (INTO CEL)
Just get me my pages...

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INT. FBI HQ - ROOM 9930 - MORNING

Eric tightens a screw on a new, NON-SQUEAKING CHAIR, as we hear those THREE BEEPS at the SCIF door...
Hanssen enters, in his usual uniform: dark suit, red tie.

ERIC
Morning, Sir.

HANSSEN
Morning.

Hanssen approaches... and Eric tightens: What kind of hoops will I be jumping through today?

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
This is very good work.

From his canvas bag, Hanssen drops a 50-page DOCUMENT on Eric's desk. It's the Kinko's-perfect "Proposal for New SSG Subject Database System" that Eric wrote.

But how did Hanssen get it? Eric just stares for a moment.

ERIC
Sir, when did you--?

HANSSEN
It was ignored, I'm sure.

Hanssen casually tosses a PACKAGE into the OUT-BOX on Eric's desk: a manila envelope addressed to a "Jack Hoschouer" in Bonn, Germany.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

HANSSEN
That's because you don't shoot.

Eric doesn't understand. Hanssen ducks into his office...

A CUSTODIAN takes down a framed portrait of Bill Clinton and replaces it with one of George W. Bush. Then Janet Reno's portrait comes down, replaced by John Ashcroft. We hear:

HANSSEN (C.S.)
The FBI is a gun-culture. You can't advance here unless you're part of it.

Eric and Hanssen pass by us now, and we learn something else that's odd about Hanssen: he walks at an angle, as if his gyroscopes were off, cutting into Eric's path completely.
HANSSEN (CONT'D)
Every Director in the history of the Bureau has been from the Law Enforcement side: guys who shoot, guys who make arrests.

Eric has to adjust his strides to keep from being walked into a wall. But Hanssen has no awareness of it at all.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
There's never been a Director from the Intel side. Never will be.

ERIC
(trying not to trip)
So why'd you stay?

Hanssen nearly walks Eric into a water fountain...

ERIC (CONT'D)
All those years in Intel? Why didn't you transfer out?

They STOP at a BANK OF ELEVATORS... and Hanssen ponders that one. It runs deep with him:

HANSSEN
Because I didn't care about making headlines. I wanted to make History.
(that landed)
The people Intel tracks are the ones who wanna wipe America off the map...
Somehow, that always meant a little more to me than chasing bank robbers.

That landed too. An ELEVATOR OPENS.

Inside is a LOCAL-TV-NEWS-CREW: a CAMERAMAN, a male PRODUCER... and a BEAUTIFUL REPORTER. (She's 30, brunette, smoky eyes, in a great-looking pant-suit.)

Eric turns, eager to see Hanssen's reaction to her...

Yet Hanssen doesn't react at all, doesn't even look. He just enters the elevator. Eric follows.

INT. FBI HQ - ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

Hanssen hits a button, eyes forward.

BEAUTIFUL REPORTER

Good Morning.
HANSSSEN
(tight)
Morning.

The doors close. They descend in silence. A long beat.

ERIC
Oh, I forgot to mention, Sir: we got a call from Photo, for a portrait-sitting. You're going up on the "25 Years of Service" Wall.

HANSSSEN
Imagine that.

The elevator stops. The NEWS-CREW exits, that Beautiful Reporter drifting away. Hanssen hits the door-close button.

ERIC
Beautiful woman.

HANSSSEN
You're married.

ERIC
I can look, can't I?

HANSSSEN
God expects you to live your faith, Eric. At all times. Besides, I disapprove of women in pant-suits.

ERIC
Sir?

HANSSSEN
Men wear pants. The world doesn't need any more Hillary Clintons.

Eric pauses, certain Hanssen's kidding... No such luck.

INT. FBI HQ - DATA CENTER - DAY

A huge subterranean room: computers, mainframes, servers of different makes and sizes - manned by PROGRAMMERS.

Hanssen stands dead-center, very much unimpressed.

HANSSSEN
Tell me, Eric... What do you see?

Eric pauses - doesn't want to give the wrong answer. To his left is Rich Garcia.
ERIC

HANSSEN
That's the surface. What do you see?

Another test. Eric tightens, reading Hanssen. Then:

ERIC
I see a graveyard, systems with less power than my lap-top.

Must've been the right answer. Hanssen smiles...

HANSSEN
"...from the mouths of babes."

GARCIA
We know, Bob. It's why we brought you back, to teach us. We want the most robust I.T. system possible.

HANSSEN
I wrote a program last night using nothing but ones and zeroes, just to see if I could do it. 612 bits of encryption, completely unbreakable.

(Garcia nods, impressed)
But you get the office with the window.

Eric can't believe Hanssen would say that to a superior. But Garcia's unoffended.

GARCIA
Okay. Help us. What do we do?

Hanssen sighs, jiggles his keys... then he launches:

HANSSEN
First we drop ACS, which is a relic. We need to move to an ATM system instead of the WAN. That would give us an OC-48 with a data rate of 2.488 Megabits. Instead, we're stuck in Token Ring, ten kilobits, not nearly enough band-width, which is why you've got agents who still keep sensitive information in cardboard boxes. Start with Linux A-B servers. Linux puts you into Red Hat, providing great encryption and good interface with IP routers, which we'd

(MORE)
HANSSEN (cont'd)
put throughout the building. Dynamic
i.p. addresses to hide the system
from outside hackers, enabling us to
run Bureau network and internet on a
single workstation, using the Invicta
prototype with an external internet
connection that isn't patched into
the bureau network. Would it be
easier if I put this in a memo?

GARCIA
Yeah.

HANSSEN
Fine. On your desk in the morning.
(at Eric)
You're going to set up meetings for
me with the appropriate systems
managers at the CIA, DIA, NSA, and
the intel agencies of each armed
service. They're all ahead of us on
I.T.; we have to study them.

ERIC
Yes, Sir.

Eric makes a note of it, but:

GARCIA
Uh... ya mind if we book those
appointments through my office, Bob?

HANSSEN
what for?

GARCIA
Just protocol.

HANSSEN
Of course... And then we switch
offices, right?

Garcia and Eric eye Hanssen. Can't tell if he's kidding...

INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

When Hanssen is agitated like this, his gyro-less walk is
even more pronounced, literally wedging Eric sideways now.

HANSSEN
Perfect. We're fighting crime with
19th century technology and he's
worried about protocol.
(Eric nods)
(MORE)
HANSSEN (cont'd)
You set up those meetings. Leave it up to him and they'll never happen.

ERIC
Sir?

HANSSEN
Were you watching him at all? His hands, his posture? Everything he said was an obfuscation. It's the mentality of this place! Turf protection. Organizational arrogance:
No, we don't wanna learn anything from the CIA; we want the CIA answering to us.

They pass by a door. It has THREE SIGNS on it: "Sensitive Compartmentalized Information Facility," "Restricted Access Area," "Authorized Personnel Only."

This is a SIOC: (Strategic Information Operations Center.) Hanssen angle-walks past it, Eric struggling to dodge a wall.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
What's going on behind that door, do you know?

ERIC
No, Sir.

HANSSEN
Analysts, looking for a spy inside the Intelligence Community - highest clearance. But there aren't any CIA Officers in there. Know why? Because it's a CIA Officer we're trying to build a case against. Could the mole be someone from the Bureau and not the CIA? Of course. Are we actively pursuing that possibility? Of course not! Because we're the Bureau, and the Bureau knows all. Knock on the door someday, ask them if they're planning to share their files with the Agency. Know what they'll tell you? "Co-operation is counter-operational." I'm not making this up. I was in that room for twenty years.

(keeps walking, spouting)
The enemies of this country aren't so picky. They'll work with anyone who shares their hatred of us. Bureau hasn't learned that lesson yet.
At last he STOPS, at a water fountain, and changes gears:

HANSSEN (CONT'D)
He keeps some paintings in a
conference room on eight. I want you
to get one of them for me.

ERIC
Sir...?

HANSSEN
Two men on a boat. I want it.

Eric runs that through his head, no idea how to respond.

ERIC
Wait. You mean Agent Garcia? These're
his paintings?

HANSSEN
Stop thinking like a clerk, they're
sitting in a storage closet!
(Eric's at a loss)
Two guys on a boat.

INT. FBI HQ - 8TH FLOOR CONF. ROOM - LATE NIGHT
Eric enters surreptitiously, passing through this Conference
Room. Up ahead is a door. He opens it, revealing:

...a deep STORAGE CLOSET. We see all kinds of items inside,
including three tarp-covered PAINTINGS.

Eric sighs: another theft, great. Then he enters the closet.

INT. JOHN & VIVIAN O'NEILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT
Five bedrooms, lawns front and back - in Kensington, Md. The
kind of place you dream of raising a family in.

On a wall we see that same PORTRAIT of Eric and his brothers,
and a large mounted CRUCIFIX. Beneath it, VIVIAN and JOHN
O'NEILL play Scrabble with Juliana.

John is 55, warm, justifiably proud of his family and its
accomplishments. Vivian is 52, an angel and a fighter,
battling Parkinson's with dignity and guts.

She's just put down a seven-letter word, ESTUARY - the "s"
turning the neighboring word, "vim," into "vims." But:

JULIANA
Hold it. "Vims" is not a word.
VIVIAN
Of course it is. Any noun can be pluralized.

(NOTE: the Parkinson's has impaired Vivian's SPEECH. She speaks slowly, in a high pitch. No one dwells on it.)

JULIANA
Fine. Use it in a sentence.
(John laughs, tickled)
It's an eighty-point word. I wanna hear it used in a sentence.

Vivian chuckles too. This family respects a good challenge.

VIVIAN
"Tom and Joe compared their respective vims and vigors."

John laughs, kissing her. Vivian maintains a straight face.

JOHN
Well-played, Honey.

JULIANA
You're taking advantage of me because English is my second language.

John laughs again, giving his daughter-in-law a big hug. Vivian adds 80 points to her score.

...as Eric enters, whipped. Came straight from work.

VIVIAN
Hello, Handsome.

ERIC
Sorry I'm late.

JOHN
Missing all the fun. Your mother's cheating at Scrabble again.

Vivian punches John's arm. Juliana rises, kisses Eric.

JULIANA
Hi, baby.

He hugs her, tosses his bag on the couch, shakes hands with John, gives his mom a kiss.

VIVIAN
How's the new job, Honey?
JULIANA
He can't tell you. Too top-secret.

JOHN
Saved you some dinner, Son. It's in the fridge.

ERIC
Thanks, Pop.

Eric flops on to the couch, wiped out. Takes Juliana's hand. Visible over her shoulder is a LUCITE BOX in which some WWII MEDALS hang proudly. Eric eyes them absently...

JULIANA
Do you think "vims" is a word?

Just then, Eric's PAGER buzzes. Juliana says. He grabs the pager. Its face reads: 7#. The day never ends...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HARD ROCK CAFE - NIGHT

We DOLLY PAST the restaurant from outside. Through a window we see Eric and Kate, in a booth. She reads TRANSCRIPT PAGES while he waits, exhausted. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOXSTONE PARK - FOOTBRIDGE - SAME

DOLLYING in the opposite direction... we come upon Hanssen, who stands at a FOOTBRIDGE in this vast park, ringed by suburban homes. His face is a mask. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI HQ - ROCHFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7th Floor, blue carpeting; there's some rank here. Rochford and Berezny watch a tiny TV, on which we find VIDEO TAPE shot by the overhead surveillance camera in 9930.

It captures the moment in which Hanssen was standing on his desk, pulling down a phone wire. Rochford and Berezny eye one another. END MINI-SEQUENCE, and CUT TO:

INT. ERIC AND JULIANA'S APT. - MORNING

Juliana cooks some eggs. It's FREEZING in here. Eric, dressed for work, writes out a small NOTE to himself:

"Linux/Red Hat - problems: 1) training issues 2) password keys"

JULIANA
I'm thinking about changing my major.
ERIC

Huh?

The LADY UPSTAIRS squawks "Hello? Hello?" Eric, his focus total, adds to the note: "3) redundant systems."

ERIC (CONT'D)
Did you say something, Honey?

JULIANA
We can talk about it later.

He leans in, kisses her goodbye.

EXT. ERIC & JULIANA'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

He emerges from the building - zipping up his jacket, putting that note in his back pocket... then he STOPS:

Here's Hanssen, ten feet away, leaning on his Silver Taurus.

HANSSEN
Do you know why the Soviet Empire collapsed?

Not "Hello." Not "Sorry to surprise you like this." No, the guy just jingles the change in his pocket, waiting.

ERIC

Sir?

HANSSEN
I made a career studying them. They were smarter than us, more devious, more determined. Why did they fail?

Eric hesitates, this is all so odd.

HANSSEN (CONT'D)

Godlessness. Atheism. Is your wife Catholic?

(that caught Eric too)
I was on my way to Morning Mass, thought you might want to join me.

ERIC

Oh.

HANSSEN
You do remember what Mass is, yes? The Jesuits at Gonzaga taught you that much, didn't they?